

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXI.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1857.

NUMBER 45.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MAIN-ST.

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J. COBB, EDITOR. W. J. FULLER, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TERMS.
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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING
Done in modern style, and at short notice.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CALVIN G. TILDEN,
Fire and Life Insurance Agent.
Office, in the Engine Building, 420 Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1856. 22.

JOHN W. STEWART,
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. 25

Charles L. Allen, M.D.
Physician & Surgeon.

Having resigned his Professorship in the Eastern Medical College, and also having terminated his engagement with Middlebury College, will give his professional attention to his profession.
CHARGE—Those established by the Addison County Medical Society.
Office at his residence, first house North of the Congregational Meeting House.
Middlebury, Nov. 26, 1856. 22 1/2

DR. WM. M. BASS,
Would inform the citizens of this village and vicinity, that his present residence is the first door south of the Court House, where he will be in readiness to attend calls in his profession, and will accept gratefully a shared public patronage.
Middlebury April 22, 1856. 11f

EDWARD MUSSEY
Respectfully informs the people of this county and the public at large, that he has taken the

ADDISON HOUSE.
In Middlebury, for a term of years. He intends to keep a first rate house, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of his guests and moderate charges, to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.
Middlebury, May 21, 1856. 5.

A. H. COPELAND,
DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, Magazines,
NEWSPAPERS, AND CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,
At the Telegraph Office, near the Bridge.

S. HOLTON, JR.,
DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
AND FANCY ARTICLES.
Near the Bridge, Middlebury, Vt.
All work done in a neat and durable manner.
At low rates. 21

MIDDLEBURY AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND IRON STORE.

JASON DAVENPORT,
Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
IRON, STOVES, HARDWARE,
CUTLERY, JEWELRY, &c.
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

GEORGE M. BROWN,
TAILOR.
Informs his friends and customers, that he has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend to all business in his line.
Cutting done to suit customers.
WANTED—a good Journeyman.
Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856. 26 1/2

Elegant Illustrated National Works.
THE WORKS OF THE BRITISH POETS—selected and chronologically arranged, from Ben Jonson to Scott. Illustrated with an immense number of steel plate engravings. To be published in 47 fortnightly parts, at 25 cents each. Monthly Parts 50 each.
MORE'S GENEALOGICAL ATLAS OF THE WORLD, containing 70 Maps drawn and engraved from the best authorities, with descriptions and statistics of all nations to the year 1856. To be completed in 33 Semi-Monthly Parts 25 cents each.

THE REPUBLICAN COCKET, By Rufus W. Griswold. To be published in 21 semi-monthly, Nos. 25cts. each.
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DEAD: A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp by Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Two vols. 12mo. Muslin. Price \$1.75. Portraits of Fremont, size 25X 31. Price 25cts. plain and 50cts. colored. Portraits of Fillmore and Buchanan, plain \$1.50, colored \$1.90.

Persons desirous of subscribing for any of the above mentioned books, will please apply to the subscriber.

Conveyances wanted.

F. S. MARTIN.
Williamstown, Vt. 21 1/2

Barre Academy.

THE winter term will begin on Thursday, Nov. 20.
Extract from a report of the Examining Committee: "We cheerfully say that it is one of the excellent schools in our State, and worthy of the patronage of friends of sound learning, and we are happy to know that it is receiving this in a large degree."
J. R. SPALDING, Principal.
Barre, Oct. 29, 1856. 20 1/2

DAILY PAPERS—New York Daily Times, Tribune and Herald, and Boston Journal, received daily, at COPELAND'S.

POCKET MAPS OF KANSAS, for sale by L. W. CLARK.

Blanks.

WARRANTY DEEDS, Mortgage Deeds, Quit-Claim Deeds, Justice Writs, Chancery Deeds, and Executions, for sale at COPELAND'S NEWS DEPOT.

Poetry.

Written for the Middlebury Register.

The Dearest Boon.

BY JULIA B.

I would not ask for wealth or fame
To cheer life's weary way,
That I might tread o'er flowery paths
To realms of perfect day—
For dark and thorny was the road
The blessed Redeemer trod,
And 'tis the "narrow way" alone
That leads us home to God.

Nor in the holy hour of prayer,
When we commune with Heaven,
Is the petition breathed to Him
That length of days be given;
Nor joys to cluster thick around,
And myrtle flowers to bloom,
To light with love the portals of
The dark and dreary tomb.

Nay, dearer for the boon I ask—
It is the pearl of Truth,
That in its light my soul may dwell
Clad in immortal youth.
That when the angel Death shall come
Our Father's voice may say,
"Come hither, for thy path on earth
Was Truth's forsaken way."

What though that way seem dark and dim,
The broader path of sin,
And seldom trodden, till the weeds
Its borders steal within—
Bright guiding gems at every step
Will guide us home above,
And pearls of thought, and diamonds true,
Of purity and love.

It matters not these jewels bright
Are gathered 'up off with pain,
For they may gladden hearts we love
And bring rich fruits again.
Who press to Vanity and Sin,
The golden mean of youth,
When we might lead the shining way
To Holiness and Truth.

Orwell, Vermont.

Miscellany.

From the Report of a Prussian Engineer.

The Crazy Engineer.

My train left Dantzke in the morning generally about eight o'clock; but once a week, we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the morning of the steamer's arrival, that I came down from the hotel, and found that my engine had been so seriously injured that he could not run. A railway carriage had run over him and broken one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine house to procure an engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there, but I was disappointed. I inquired for Westphal, but was informed that he had gone to Steegen to see his mother. Goldolph had been sent to Konigsberg, on the road. But where was Mayne? He had leave of absence for two days, and had gone no one knew whither.

Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer in the Neufahrwasser, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guards and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer, but they did not. I then went to the fireman and asked them if any one of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. No one dared to attempt it. The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

The steamer stopped at the wharf and those who were going on by rail came flocking up to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The baggage was checked and registered, the tickets bought, the different carriages were pointed to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station-house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing house.

It was past nine o'clock.
"Come! why don't we start?" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture some one touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger by my side. I expected that he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

However, this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant—so brilliant that I could not for the life of me gaze steadily into it; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said, in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

"I do," I replied. "My train is already, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place."

"Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg—I must go, and I will run the engine for you!"

"Ha! I uttered, 'are you an engineer?'"

"I am, sir—one of the oldest in the country; and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Krollier. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running."

"Was I not fortunate?" I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with

a nod and a smile. I went with him to the house, where we found the iron horse in the charge of the fireman, and all ready for the start. Krollier got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such peculiar aptness amid the machinery that he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage carriage with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave my engine up to a new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterwards I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff—a growing of the heavy axle-trees—a trembling of the building—and the train was in motion. I leaped up the platform of the guard-carriage, and in a few minutes more the station-house was far behind us.

At less than an hour we reached Dirschau, where we took up the passengers that had come on the Konigsberg railway. Here I went forward, and asked Krollier how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it very much.

"But," he added, with a strange sparkling of the eye, "wait until I get my improvement, and then you will see traveling. By the soul of the Virgin Mother, sir, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four and twenty hours!"

I smiled at what I thought his faint enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Konigsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage-carriage attached, we started on again.

As soon as all matters had been attended to, connected with the new accession of passengers, I went into the guard-carriage, and sat down. An early train from Konigsberg had been through two hours before reaching Bromberg, and that was at Little Osau, where we took on board the western mail.

"How we go!" uttered one of the guard some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirschau.

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I replied, not yet having any fear.

But ere long I began to be fearful he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fear from the passengers.

"Good heavens!" cried one of the guards coming in at that moment, "what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going!"

I looked at the window and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before traveled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees, flew by in one unlistening mass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

"Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Krollier on the engine?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Holy Virgin! didn't you know him? Know him?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled. "What do you mean? He told me his name was Krollier, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run on the engine, and—"

"You took him?" interrupted the man. "Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one that was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen was Martin Krollier. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow!"

The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour, would launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard and then made my way forward as quick as possible. I reached the after platform of the after tender, and there stood Krollier upon the engine board, his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the throat, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver in pieces.

"Krollier! Krollier!" I cried at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started, and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh! how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion.

"They swore that I could not make it! But see! see! See my new power! See my new engine! I made it, and they are jealous of me! I made it, and when it was done they stole it from me. But I have found it! For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they swore it was not made. But I have found it! I knew it this morning when I saw it at Dantzke, and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ha! ha! ha!—we're on the moon, I say! By the Virgin Mother, we'll be in the moon in four and twenty hours. Down, down villain! if you move I'll shoot you!"

This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise; and the frightened man sank back again.

"Here's Little Osau right at hand!" cried one of the guard. But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart for I supposed we were gone now. The

houses flew by like lightning. I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash—it was another engine—I closed my eyes; but still we thundered on! The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we could not head up in that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we went on.

But there was sure death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles ahead was the town of Schwartz, on the Vistula, and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now arose above the crash of the rails, and more terrible than all also arose the demonic yells of the mad engineer.

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the guardsman, "there's not a moment of time to lose; Schwartz is close by. But hold,!" he added, "let's shoot him!"

At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and we saw that the mad man had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a heavy stick of wood, and with a steadyness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision, that he knocked the pistol from the man's hand. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell, I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm, but I should have been nothing in his mad power had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he caught as he came over the tender.

Krollier settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shot off the steam and opened the valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was passed. As I settled back, entirely overcome at the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river; and before I was fairly recovered, the fireman had stopped the train in the station-house at Schwartz.

Martin Krollier still insensible, was taken from the platform, and as we carried him to the guard-room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

"He came," said the guard, "and swore that an engine which stood near here was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been made from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled."

"Well," I replied, with a shudder, "I wish he had approached me in the same way; but he was more cautious at Dantzke."

At Schwartz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the western mail for the next northern train to take along we saw that Krollier would be properly attended to and then started on.

The rest of the trip was run in safety, though I could see that the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude, and was glad of it for the current of gratitude to him may have prevented a far different current, which might have poured upon my head, for having engaged a madman to run a railroad train.

But this is not the end. Martin Krollier remained insensible from the effects of that blow upon the head nearly two weeks, and when he recovered from that he was sound again—his insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterwards, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year, not even his mad freak on my engine.

But I remembered it, and I remember it still, and the people need never fear that I shall be imposed upon again by a crazy engineer.

Poetry of the Puritans.

Their earnest taste has become those of England, and High Churchmen, who still call them round heads and crooked ears, go about round-headed and crooked ears, but they ever went. They held it more rational to cut the hair to a comfortable length than to wear elaborate curls down the back. And we cut ours much shorter than they ever did. They held with the Spaniards, that the finest gentlemen in the world that said, I, a dark color, above all black, were the fittest for stately and earnest gentlemen. We all, from the Tractarian to the Anybodyarian, are exactly of the same opinion. They held that lace, perfumes, and jewelry on a man, were marks of unmanly foppishness and vanity; and so held the finest gentlemen in England now. They thought it equally absurd and sinful for a man to carry his income on his back, and bedizen himself out in reds, blues, and greens, ribbons, hoots, slashes, and "treble quadruple dandilion ruffs, built up on iron and timber, (a fact) which have more arches in them for pride than London Bridge for use." We, if we met such a ruffled and ruffled worthy as to swagger by hundreds up and down Paul's Walk, not knowing how to get a dinner, much less to pay his tailor, should look on him as, firstly, a fool, and, secondly, a swindler; while, if we met an old Puritan, we should consider him a man gracefully and picturesquely dressed, but withal in the most sobriety of good taste; and when we discovered, (as we probably should,) over and above, that the barbequin cavalier had a box of salve and a pair of dice in one pocket, a pack of cards and a few pawbrokers' duplicates in the other, that his thoughts were altogether of cit-

izens' wives, and their too easy virtue; and that he could not open his mouth without a dozen oaths, we should consider the Puritan (even though he did quote Scripture somewhat through his nose) as the gentleman and the courtier as a most offensive specimen of the 'snob triumphant,' glorying in his shame. The picture is not ours, nor even the Puritan's. It is Beaumont's, Fletcher's, Jonson's, Shakespeare's—the picture which every dramatist, as well as satirist, has drawn of the "gallant" of the seventeenth century. No one can read those writers honestly without seeing that the Puritan, and not the cavalier conception of what a British gentleman should be, is the one accepted by the whole nation at this day. Poetry in those old Puritans? Why not? They were men of like passions with ourselves. They loved; they married; they brought up children; they feared; they stoned; they sorrowed; they fought; they conquered. There was poetry enough in them, to be sure, though they acted it like men, instead of singing it like birds.—North British Review.

The Crater of Etna.

At eight o'clock, after a good supper at the *bandera*, we set out for the crater of Mount Etna. It was a mild, clear night; the moon was in her prime, and the stars shone out like gems of crystallized light, with out a single cloud to obscure their glorious radiance. Our horses being no longer available, I was reluctantly compelled to leave my favorite old charger and take a mule.

Oh, ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven, what omnipotent works ye revealed to us that night! What still, shadowy forests of gnarled old oaks, and yawning precipices of darkness unfathomable, opened to us as we toiled upward; what ghostly mountains, and cities, and temples of blackened lava loomed through the shadowy distance; what boundless valleys of mystic light lay outspread beneath us; what a solemn stillness reigned over the slumbering earth! Up, high over all, with its bare and grizzled cone, towered the smouldering crater, lonely and desolate, but mighty in its desolation. Where are the castles and palaces that once decorated the dim valleys in the depths of low? where are the boasted deeds of Roman and Saracen heroes? where are the victors and the vanquished now? where is all that the vaunted ambition of man has accomplished? Not for human ken is it to penetrate the dim vista of centuries, and tell of all that lies buried beneath those dark floods; not for all the records of the past to reveal the millionth part of their sad mysteries.

But I think I hear my friend, the Englishman, say, "Sad nonsense all this; Etna is a stunning place, to be sure; mighty high, mighty cold, and all that; throws out an amazing quantity of smoke now and then—didn't do a bad job when it buried all those beggars of Romans and Saracens, to say nothing of the number of rascally Sicilians it has since covered up. Nonsense—all fudge!"

As daylight broke clear and broad over the still earth, and the eastern sky gleamed with the first rays of the rising sun, we reached the highest peak, and turned to look down into the vast depths below. The whole island was wrapt in an impenetrable mass of sleeping clouds; covering mountain, and valley, and ocean as a mantle of mist, while not a shadow dimmed the bright sky above. It was thus upon the solitary cone of Etna, with the broad lucid firmament arched over us, and the vast sea of floating clouds outspread below, that there upon before us as a sublime picture of the shattered ark, as it rested of old amid the subsiding floods on the heights of Ararat, when the fountains of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped and the rain from heaven was restrained.

On the right and on the left yawned a vast crater lined with banks of sulphur and ashes; and from out the bowels of the earth came clouds of hot smoke, rolling upward till they vanished in the thin air; and a thousand fissures around sent out jets of scalding steam, and smouldering fires seemed ready to burst forth and spread ruin and death under their seething floods and lava. And now, from the bed of clouds that rested on the deep, up rose the sun, scattering away the thin vapors that hung around his couch, and filling the air with his glorious radiance; and the slumbering ocean of mist that lay upon the valleys upheaved under his piercing rays of heat and light, and gathered in around the mountain tops; and green valleys, and villages, and vineyards, and gleams of bright waters lay outspread in the calm of the morning, as it opened upon the shores and vales of Sicily. One gigantic shadow, the shadow of the mighty Etna, stretched across the lesser mountains far below, as far as the eye could reach; and the valleys beneath it were still covered with clouds and the darkness within the shadow. Up rose the sun higher and still higher; and now the floating vapors that rested upon the earth disappeared, and there was nothing left but the bright glowing abyss of mountain and valley, bathed in his effulgent rays; for "his going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." There was not a breath of air to disturb the glittering sea; ships lay motionless on its untroubled surface; and on the shores glistened, like flakes of snow, the villages that were washed by its waters. Far in the distance the towering mountains of Calabria reared their rugged peaks, bounding the view toward the east; to the north lay Messina and the rocks of Scylla and Charybdis; and stretching southward the coast swept under the base of the mountain; its shores lined with villas and towns, and inden-

ted by the bays of Catania, Augusta, and Syracuse. Back toward the west lay the interior of Sicily, a desert of parched and barren hills, with scarce a tree or spot of verdure to relieve the sterility of the vast wilderness. And now, as we gazed entranced upon this scene of awful sublimity, the smoke rose up in heavy masses from the crater, and whirling around us with a sudden gust, shut out sea and earth, and filled the air with noxious gases; and the sun had a lurid and ghastly glare through the gloom, and we thought the earth trembled. But soon the gust passed away, and left us unharmed amid the smouldering masses of ashes and sulphur.—*Crusade in the East.*

Dairy Cows.

The cow is second in interest and importance to no other one of our domestic animals; she affords to us all many of the luxuries and comforts of life, and to the farmer much of the profits of the farm. For milking purposes she differs in value; some failing to pay their keeping, while others give large returns for the cost of food consumed. How to rid ourselves of the worthless, and supply their place with superior animals, is a question of great interest to us all, and should be the constant study and care of the dairyman. We should not, for small and present gains, select, as many of us do, our best calves from our superior cows for the butcher, serving inferior ones to supply our future dairies, perpetuating by the process, a race of cattle, certain, in three or four generations, to become nearly or quite worthless. We should rear the best calves from our best stock, regarding the fact that a calf worth eight dollars at six weeks old, will be worth thirty dollars; while a calf at the same age worth six dollars, will not, on becoming a cow, at three years old, sell for more than twenty-five dollars. Thus, by rising our best stock, we secure five dollars at three years old, for an outlay of two dollars at three weeks old; besides continuing a race of animals that will be constantly improving.

It is a well-established maxim in the breeding of cattle or growing of plants, that like produces like. Cows for the dairy should be selected from a long line of good milking stock, and be fed, from early youth, with abundance of food of such quality as will promote health, and the enlargement of the lactiferous vessels, and the consequent secretion of milk, and keep the animals at all times in good condition. High blood will avail but little in the veins of an ill-fed, half-starved cow. In keeping cattle, warmth and comfort is of more importance than many farmers, from their practice, would seem to admit. The temperature of the atmosphere affects the quantity of food the animal requires; the greater the difference of temperature between the body and the atmosphere in which the animal lives, the more food they require to keep up the natural warmth of the body, and less of the food will be converted into milk or muscle. Hence the importance of warm stables in winter, and sheltered pastures in summer, and sheds for milk cows to rest under in rainy and cold, dewy nights. In selecting cows for the dairy, regard should be had to the quantity and quality of food designed for them. If the food is good and abundant, large cattle may be selected; if poor and less abundant, small cattle will prove most productive. In general, in either case, small cattle give the largest return in proportion to the cost. The larger the bone and muscle the greater will be the quantity of food required to maintain it. Small cows will therefore yield a greater return of bone, muscle, or milk, in proportion to the food consumed, than larger ones. Cattle require, for daily consumption, about two per cent. of their live weight of good hay, or its equivalent, to keep them in present condition, or to supply the daily want of their bodies. All over this may be converted into bone, muscle or milk. If, therefore, we may have a given quantity of food, say thirty pounds of good hay, or its equivalent, to convert into milk, and feed it to a cow weighing ten hundred pounds, she will, after using two per cent. of her weight, or twenty pounds of the hay, to support her daily natural want, have ten pounds to convert into milk, bone or muscle. But if we feed the thirty pounds of hay to a cow weighing fifteen hundred pounds, she requiring two per cent. of her weight, or thirty pounds of hay to supply her daily want, or to keep her in present condition, she will have none remaining to convert into either milk, bone, or muscle, and instead of yielding a profit, will be nearly worthless for the dairy, and valuable only as a machine to convert her food into manure. Hence the fact so generally observed, that small cows give the richest milk. They waste less of their food in sustaining their own bodies. Good dairy cows convert less of their food into flesh and more into milk, which gives that lean and long appearance so generally observed in our best milking stock. The external marks characteristic of a good dairy cow have been so often and so well described, we will not name any of our own. We, however, recommend to farmers the study of M. Gueno's work on milk cows, believing that if they will make themselves familiar with the marks therein described they will never be disappointed in the purchase or rearing of a cow for the dairy.—*Elm's Agriculture of Mass.*

"WE WANT PUBLIC SOULS?"—Such was the exclamation of old Bishop Hecker, at two centuries ago; and such a want still exists; for to a very lamentable degree may we apply the statement of Paul eighteen centuries ago, to the present times.—"All men seek their own, and not the things which are Jesus Christ's."

ONE OF THE ROADS TO CRIME.—One of the surest methods of making criminals is to degrade labor and pay undue respect to wealth. Men will run any risk to gain a position in society. The recent disclosures in the cases of Huntington, Tuckerman, and other similar delinquents in this country; of Sadler, Robson, Redpath, and others in England and France, prove that the desire to appear well in society, to be ranked among the happy few who live without labor and indulge in the elegancies of life, is one of the strongest incentives to crime. And it must be noticed, for the fact is painfully evident, that the false spirit of aristocracy which reverence more wealth and scorn honest labor, is becoming alarmingly prevalent among us. It is time that the Press and the Pulpit, and every other instrument for modifying opinion, and producing a moral effect, were employed in checking the growing evil in question. It is especially the duty of parents to instill into the minds of their children just ideas on the true dignity of labor, and the worthlessness of mere extrinsic show; for the child that has been taught to regard wealth as the standard of excellence, and honest labor as degrading, will run a narrow risk of ending his days on the gallows or in the cells of a prison. A few nights since a little child of some ten years, who should have been as guileless and innocent as a cherub, on being requested to dance with another child of her own age, shrugged up her shoulders and, in a childish way positively refused. On being asked why she hesitated, she said she could not dance with the other little girl, because her father was captain of a steamboat. Of course the little creature was taught to regard the captain of a steamboat with disdain, and probably to look upon the children of all mechanics as below her, or she would not have dreamed of making such an excuse. It would require no gift of prophecy to foresee what must be the inevitable termination of a life which is commenced with such false ideas of what should constitute true claims to honor and respect.—*New York Times.*

MILD GENROWER.—Many pleasant anecdotes are told of Mr. G., who a good many years ago, was a retail merchant in a populous town in Vermont. He was famous as 'the very pink of politeness'; and was indeed an expert salesman. If he had not got the article that might happen to be called for, he was sure to name something that was sufficiently like it to answer the purpose. Thus when a customer inquired for 'winter strained oil,' the merchant told him that he hadn't got that kind exactly—but he had some that was 'strained very late in the fall.' Disparage one article as you might, he was sure to find something to praise in it—if his tea was not strong it was well flavored, &c., &c. On one occasion a customer having called for a sample of gunpowder, rubbed it in his hand to ascertain the proportion of charcoal, and then observed that it lacked strength. 'I know,' answered the importunate tradesman—falling into his old tea formula—'I know the powder is not so strong as some, but you'll find it very mild and agreeable!'—*Post.*

A YANKEE TALKING LIGHTNING.—An engine on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, broke down last week at nine o'clock at night, nine miles distant from a station. The Conductor instantly started on foot through the snow to get another machine. A telegraph operator in one of the cars, named Stager, (of course a Yankee) hearing the cause of the detention, got out and taking down the main wire from the pole alongside the track, cut it, attached small brass wires to the two ends,—"dotted" the distress of his train to the Pittsburgh and Brighton stations; and putting one of the brass points in his tongue, read the answer that an engine should be immediately sent, and then talked off this pleasant lightning to his anxious and impatient fellow passengers.

DO GOOD.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be re-called, and so they perished, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands, and you will never be forgotten.